

# The Pocahontas Times.

Harper  
Tipton

If thou wouldest read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills. — Longfellow.

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DR. D. J. CAMPBELL,  
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MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at  
least twice a year. The exact date  
of his visit will appear in this  
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,  
DENTIST,

Marlinton and Academy, W. VA  
Graduate University of Maryland.  
Dentistry practiced in all its bran-  
ches.

Office in Bank of Marlinton build-  
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All calls by phone and mail  
promptly answered.

West Virginia Citizens Trust and  
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This company will furnish bonds  
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administrators, guardians, etc.;  
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T. S. MCNEEL,

## GUERRILLA WARFARE.

### THE AMBUSH ON GREENBRIER RIVER.

#### In Which Seven Troopers were Killed.

As the rigors of winter have  
kept me much indoors I have not  
been able to use my cane present-  
ed me as a Christmas gift by a  
member of the Marlinton bar. I  
have not been on a recent tramp  
and must draw on reminiscences.  
The cane referred to has a history  
to the effect that it grew on one  
of the Richmond battlefields, in  
soil once red with fraternal blood  
and was fashioned by an inmate  
of the Old Soldier's Home.

My thoughts revert to a Sab-  
bath morning, April 13th, 1862.

To the people then dwelling in the  
beautiful Highland Valley, wherein  
the town of McDowell is located  
that was a morning of painful suspense  
for General Milroy's army was momentarily ex-  
pected from Monterey. The citi-  
zens, who felt obliged to leave  
home, were busily preparing to  
be off at a moment's warning.

About sunset the evening be-  
fore I saddled up Harry Lightfoot  
and packed up my effects for an  
indefinite absence and took my  
departure just before the Confed-  
erate troops passed through on  
their way to new quarters on She-  
nandoah Mountain. About two  
miles from McDowell I stopped  
for the night at the home of Ewing  
Devier, from whom I learned  
the particulars that make up the  
most of this article.

Mr Devier was one of a squad  
of guerrilla scouts who had oper-  
ated about Cheat Mountain the  
previous summer and was one of  
the party that ambushed Union  
scouts at the bridge over the west  
prong of Greenbrier River on the  
Parkersburg road, near where the  
town of Durbin now stands. It  
seems, from the way Mr Devier  
told his story that when the Con-  
federates retired from the North-  
west after the Rich Mountain dis-  
aster several of the citizens orga-  
nized a band with a view to  
cutting off the Federal scouts and  
check their pursuit after the panic-  
stricken Confederates whose  
precipitate retreat across Cheat  
Mountain is so vividly remem-  
bered by our older people in upper  
Pocahontas.

These patriots upon hearing  
the doleful news requested their  
wives and daughters to fix up  
something good to eat, enough for  
several days, and to do it quick  
for they were determined that  
General McClellan should  
not cross Cheat Mountain without  
a brush, and if he did not look  
sharp that mountain would be his  
grave, and he would be cheated  
out of his notion of going to Rich-  
mond by the McDowell route,  
anyhow.

The citizens referred to naturally  
preferred their own tried and  
trusty rifles with which in former  
days, they had brought down  
many a bounding deer, and ravin-  
ing bear, in those very forests  
now swarming with the pursuing  
federal troops. Nine or ten met  
at the home of Mr. Gum on Back  
Alleghany and agreed on a  
plan of operation. After several  
hours spent in clambering over  
rocks and crawling through dense  
thickets of brush, briars and  
laurel, they succeeded in reach-  
ing the west Prong Bridge, when  
they had planned to wait for the  
enemy. This plan was modified  
after hearing from a citizen of  
the vicinity, who was near the  
road the day before reported that  
about forty of the federal cavalry  
scouted nearly a mile to the east  
and returned. Thereupon it was  
thought advisable to reserve their  
fire, permit the scouts to pass  
and find out how many there were to  
let them have it in the back.

With a view to this they chose  
their positions. In a short while  
eight finely mounted and well  
equipped men appeared moving  
cautiously down the mountain  
and they were supposed to be the  
advance guard of a squadron of  
cavalry. Contrary to expectation

these horsemen did not come upon  
the bridge, but suddenly wheeled  
to one side and rode into the  
stream, to let their horses drink  
and cross below the bridge. It  
is supposed this move was taken  
to avoid the rumbling noise, that  
would be made by their horses  
on the bridge and in that way  
fail to attract attention and possibly  
they might surround a house not  
far beyond and take some  
"so-called prisoners" supposed to  
be there as pickets. By this un-  
looked for movement the men in  
ambush found they would be  
rode over and discovered as soon  
as the stream would be thus  
forded. It seemed to them now  
the only chance for their  
scouts lay in firing at once upon the  
supposed advance squad and hide  
themselves before the others  
could come up.

The horses were quietly drink-  
ing, their riders were conversing  
in subdued tones while our scouts  
selected each his man. One of  
the troopers drew the reins and  
started over, this was the signal  
for opening fire. The thrilling  
report of the first rifle was heard  
the others followed in rapid suc-  
cession and all with fatal effect.  
Six fell into the water, and when  
the smoke cleared away, they  
were seen struggling in dying  
agonies. The seventh was dis-  
mounted but was holding himself  
up by his horse's mane. The  
other dashed across the river,  
passed the scouts without being  
noticed, but when discovered was  
about a hundred yards off, look-  
ing on as if he was endeavoring  
to find out what was going on  
anyhow, our scouts supposing him  
to be one of a party that had  
probably passed before they  
reached the bridge immediately  
took to the woods, leaving all be-  
hind.

So soon as they had thus dis-  
appeared the straining trooper  
dashed back, rushed the bridge  
and sped up the mountain at the  
topmost speed. The citizen  
scouts now thinking that prudence  
is the better part of valor con-  
tinued their retreat by the way  
along which they had come.

They disbanded by mutual con-  
sent and returned to their res-  
pective homes. In connection  
with this affair, Mr. Devier told  
of this touching incident which  
still haunts my memory and  
awakens my sympathetic feelings.  
Two of the party were young and  
handsome men and were very near  
each other, when fired upon.  
One was shot first and as he fell  
forward upon his horse's neck and  
was trying to hold on, his com-  
rade turned, caught him by the  
arm and was in the act of leading  
him away, when a fatal bullet  
pierced him between the shoulders.  
Both fell together, their blood  
flowing in a mingled stream as  
they struggled together in dying  
throes and expired almost literally  
in each other's arms. Their fate  
would prompt copious tears were it  
not for the thought that they  
were slain by men who had sweet  
homes to defend, and lovely fam-  
ilies to protect. By some means  
or other Mr. Devier's name, became  
known to the federal and he was advised to  
keep with or near the Confed-  
erate army. About 8 o'clock  
that April Sabbath morning, while  
the pheasants were busily  
drumming in the distant woods  
from us, we imagined that we  
heard the drums of the expected  
army under the Milroy. In less  
time than it takes to tell it my  
patriotic friend, and his oldest  
son a Confederate volunteer, were  
on their way to the camp on She-  
nandoah Mountain, leaving the  
much attached family outside the  
Confederate lines and the parting  
scene was deeply affecting.

One of the family a youth of  
sixteen years was down with  
fever and I staid by him to  
give the medicine while the  
buried parting scene was passing.  
For a time the mother and  
daughters retired to weep, with  
broken hearts and gloomy apprehension  
of impending trouble as sadly had they been impressed by  
the horrible rumors that were  
in circulation. Upon leaving composed they

## MUSQUAW, THE BEAR.

### A Study in Natural History for The Times.

Musquaw, the Bear, of the Western Waters,  
Hunted a hole for his winter quarters.  
A big he-bear with a waddling gait,  
He had worked for months as he ate and ate—  
All summer long he had put on fat,  
In the fruitful woods of his habitat,  
For bears that were lank and lean he knew,  
Were doomed to walk all the winter through,  
And be harassed by man and the baying hound,  
Till the snow went off and barred the ground,  
So Musquaw delved in the ground for roots,  
He fed on the nettles' tender shoots,  
Dug for ants, and followed the bees,  
To their hives in the hearts of hollow trees—  
Honey and berries yeild saccharine  
To keep his fat bears from being lean—  
And many a log he had ripped apart,  
For the grubs that cheered his gourmand's heart,  
And maybe a deer, but never a sheep,  
For crime would disturb his winter sleep,  
And rich, meaty mast in the wane of the year,  
Added fitting touch to the season's cheer.  
Musquaw was honest and when in the fall,  
He left hisissus for good and all,  
He was ready to lay him down to sleep,  
For a good five months in his denon keep.  
He was far too big for a hollow tree  
In fallen timber and rocks did he  
Find a place near a rocky ledge,  
Sheltered and dry on the mountain's edge,  
And he made himself a soft warm nest.  
When there was naught to disturb his rest,  
Sealed the back door with gum called "tappin,"  
The want of which prevents much napping,  
Did up his stomach in muscle and string,  
And laid it away for use next spring.  
He rolled in bed where he slumbers sound,  
Not to wake all winter nor lose a pound;  
The snow falls softly and bides his lair,  
While Musquaw drowsily lurks there,  
Sucking his paws in his slumbers deep,  
Blesses the bear that invented sleep.

## Pertaining to Candidates.

We are trying to lead a better  
life. Therefore while we will  
gladly receive the announcements  
of candidates offering for office at  
the rate of five dollars per head to  
us until the candidate know the  
worst, we have determined not to  
write any puffs on the side, in the  
nature of obituary notices. It is  
very true that these are good which  
can be said of any man, but we  
are not ready writers. We do  
not look for many candidates this  
year for nearly everybody has  
work, and there is no vast army  
of unemployed seeking a job  
even at the cannon's mouth. It was  
not so in former years. We  
remember one campaign in which  
we had over a column of announcement  
cards. We started off by extolling  
the candidate who first  
announced himself and kept it up  
to the end. It was a great strain  
on the moral character. We  
often thought of the custom that  
is said to prevail in one parts of  
the country when a citizen has  
departed.

When his remains lie in state  
the neighbors pass by and stopping  
a moment to say a word  
each in praise of the dead. On  
one occasion an old Irishman  
stopped and said solemnly: "He  
was a good smoker."

How often we have canvassed  
the reputation of the candidate  
and felt at a loss for a word of  
commendation. How often we  
have received the notices from  
opposing candidates the same  
week and prepared a little side  
editorial for each trimming and  
shaping them so that such would  
weigh the same. A job like that  
is what makes a man feel weak.  
Now we propose to drop the per-  
fidious practice and give no gratuitous send off.

Does the public accept the per-  
functory apology of the editor  
when a candidate takes the plunge?  
Most certainly not, my son. Instead  
of being impressed by the  
polite phrases, the public remem-  
bers many things not good for his  
soul's well fare.

He drinks, he swears, he is a  
hypocrite, he oppresses the poor,  
he lies, he abuses his wife, he  
provideth not for his family, he is an  
infidel, he pleads the statute of  
limitations, he trades horses, and  
he is wise in his own conceit.

Indeed the independent citi-  
zens go back often for three or  
four generations and remember  
how they had sworn vengeance  
against his grandfather and all  
descendants and they take their  
spite out of the grand son's hide.

As all such interesting avenues  
are closed to the newspaper it  
seems too much to ask him to  
write something good about every  
one who comes out and in order  
that everyone may know that we  
have changed our policy and got  
rid of a burden, we make this  
announcement. Candidates are  
welcome to advertising space but  
we offer no banquet this year as a  
premium.

The Fayette grand jury at its  
last term found 181 indictments  
of which 14 were for murder, 35  
for other felonies, and 132 for  
misdemeanors. The slaughter  
in Fayette between tornils equals  
sometimes the casualties of a  
South American revolution.

## Appointments for January Charge.

3rd Sunday, Quarterly Meet-  
ing at West Union. Preaching  
Saturday at 11 a. m. followed by  
Quarterly Conference. Preaching  
Sunday at 11 a. m.

4th Sunday, Mary's Chapel 11  
a. m. and Slaty Fork 3 p. m.  
5th Sunday, Edray at 11 a. m.  
Please note changes for this  
month.

A. M. CRANTREE, P. E.

## Notice to Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the  
stockholders of the Bank of Marlinton  
will be held at its place of  
business on Tuesday, January  
26th, 1904.

F. R. Hunter,  
Secretary.

## Deer Creek Road.

Ever since the railroad was  
built the people of Greenbank  
District have wanted a good  
wagon road to Cass, the depot  
which furnishes the bulk of the  
supplies to that district.

It was one of the first roads  
projected and would possibly  
have been built long ago but the  
citizens interested disagreed as to  
the best route and appeared before  
the county court with cross  
petitions. It was remarked then  
to those who knew the workings  
of roads that no road would be  
built as the citizens would take no  
action until the petitioners agreed  
upon the location.

The matter dropped for some  
years but at the last term of the  
court it was brought up again by  
a petition that indicates that a  
route has been agreed upon and  
there seems a fair chance for the  
road to be built this season.

A road with the best of grades  
can be secured up Deer Creek.  
Cass is at the mouth of Deer Creek  
and all that would be necessary  
would be to follow up the banks of the stream until the road  
reaches the present location at the  
foot of the mountain.

There is at present a trail over  
the mountain but it is very steep  
at all times and this winter has  
become dangerous and all but im-  
passable.

A road down Deer Creek will  
be easier built than any of the  
new roads built in the last few  
years to intersect the railroad.

There has been something ex-  
pended for every depot of impor-  
tance on the new line. Durbin  
having a fine pike had it put in  
order and a bridge allowed.

Forrest has got two good roads.  
Cloveville the